A Queer Compact.

By Martha E. White.

"JENNIE! Jennie! Wait for me!" shouted Lizzie Dyer through the open window as she saw her friend going by the house on her way to school.

"Oh, haven't you gone yet, Lizzie? I thought it was late."

"Late? No, indeed," said Lizzie, running, hat in hand, to meet her friend. "You must have a queer kind of a clock at your house. It's only half-past eight."

"We do have the funniest time about our clocks. We have four. The big, ugly one in the kitchen loses half an hour or so a day, and the grand marble clock in the parlor is so fine we don't dare touch it, for fear we'll do some harm. And the other two—let me see—one stops every few hours, and the other, being on a high bracket in Will's bedroom, nobody recollects to wind; so it doesn't go at all. It's hard work telling the time at our house. We're always kept in practice, adding and subtracting."

"Well, I'm glad it's so early, for I want to propose some fun. Mother told me last night that when she was a little girl she used to keep a journal and put down every day all the cross things that were said to her. Wasn't that a queer idea? She said she had the journal still in the old horsehair trunk up in the garret, and she promised to get it out the next rainy day and read it to me. I'll coax her to let you hear it, too, for I know it will be jolly. That made me think how funny it would be for you and me to agree to tell each other all the horrid things the girls and boys said about us at school. Will you do it? I won't get angry if you won't."

"All right," assented Jennie. "Only I hope nobody says anything very dreadful about me. I don't see as I do anything to make them."

"No, indeed! Neither do I," replied Lizzie, with emphasis.

So the girls agreed not to tell each other anything until Friday night, for they were both high in their classes and they didn't intend to be distracted from their studies.

Accordingly the next Friday night they walked off together, and, sitting down by the beach, began to compare notes.

"You begin first," said Jennie, "for I'm kind of afraid. I won't say one word till you are done, no matter how angry I feel."

"Very well," answered Lizzie.

But still she kept on drawing figures in the sand and seemed in no hurry to begin.

Then she thought:

"I can tell her the smallest things first, and that'll make it easier to tell the big things." So she began: "Tom Melvin told me last Monday that he thought a girl as rich as you might put five cents in the Sunday school box every Sunday to help the poor heathen, only you were so stingy. He said Lulu Bowen put in five cents, and she wasn't half so rich."

"Did Tom Melvin say that? Oh, wasn't it mean?" said Jennie, her cheeks all ablaze.

"I thought you weren't going to say anything until I got through?" reminded Lizzie.

"Well, I didn't intend to; but I can't help it. So there!"

"I know what will be better," said sympathizing Lizzie. "Let's take turns. You tell me something now."

"Oh, that will be better! Let me see. I didn't hear anything about you Monday; but Tuesday Augusta Gibson said you were so stuck-up because you happened to be Number 1 that she just hated you. She said you must have learned sleight-of-hand performances from your Uncle Joe, so you could look in the history on the sly and recite perfect every time."

"Oh, what a falsehood!" exclaimed Lizzie, springing at an imaginary Augusta. "Why, I think she's too mean to live! Girls that are so awful stupid are always thinking everyone else cheats."

Lizzie sat down again, feeling relieved by her outburst.

"Of course it's a shame," said Jennie, "but it's a comfort to know we would never say such horrid things."

"Yes, it is," said Lizzie. "Oh, it's my turn, isn't it? I didn't hear anything about you Tuesday or Wednesday; but Thursday Eva Stanford said you brought such big lunches to school and you never gave anyone a single bite. She said you'd rather take home what you had left than to give it to anyone else, although you were the richest girl in town."

Jennie was silent, for she had nothing to say. It was really a fact that a number of times she had carried home plums, apples or grapes, rather than give them to the girls. Of course, she and Lizzie always swapped; but then they were chums, which made a difference.

"Eva said you had so much, she thought you might give a little to poor Susie Baker, who never has a thing but bread and butter," continued Lizzie.

"Well, what did you say to that?" demanded Jennie, finding her tongue at last.

"I? Oh, I didn't say much, because—well, because I hadn't ever happened to see you give any fruit to Susie, and I'd seen Eva Stanford give her some lots of times. But I stood up for you as well as I could."

"Thanks!" said Jennie, in a sarcastic tone. "I'm very much obliged!" Then, after a pause: "Mamie Brown says you hold your head as high as if you were Queen Victoria's daughter. She says she doesn't see what you've got to be so proud of, for your father is only a carpenter and your mother does her own work."

"Oh, my gracious! isn't that awful?" gasped Lizzie. "But I won't get ang—no, I won't, for I promised. But am astonished at Mamie Brown. Why, she pretends to love me to death, the little hypocrite! I guess she'll feel the cool breezes of the frigid zone whenever she comes near me again. I declare it isn't safe to trust anybody, Jennie! Do you say things about me behind my back?"

"Indeed, I don't!" declared Jennie, indignantly. "I think it's the meanest thing in the world!"

"So do I," said Lizzie.

Whereupon the two girls spent a brief interval in intense self-admiration.

"To-day, Emma Reed said all the girls in school were generous but you. She said you enjoyed eating other folks' candy, but never paid back."

Jennie was furious at this keen thrust, and she retorted, hotly:

"Emma Reed told me that Susie Baker said she met you the other day, when there was a rich girl from the city with you, and you were that proud you wouldn't speak to her, because she was dressed in calico; that you were afraid your friend would think you associated with poor folks. She says you have beautiful eyes and hair, but she never could like proud girls."

Lizzie's face was very red, indeed, at this.

"Oh, Jennie, let's not tell any more!" she cried. "I can't stand it, and I'm just going home and ask my mother if I'm such a stuck-up, horrid thing."

"And I'll go and ask mine if I'm as big a miser as old Nat Jones, who goes around picking up rubbish, when he's worth $100,000."

Mrs. Dyer was rather surprised to see her daughter Lizzie come rushing in with such a flushed, angry countenance; but she was a wise mother, so she laid down her sewing and heard Lizzie's story.

"It isn't a good plan, generally, to tell each other unkind things," Mrs. Dyer said, as she stroked her daughter's lovely, golden hair, "but sometimes it is beneficial to know exactly what our associates say about us. I shouldn't have approved the plan had you told me beforehand, but you may learn a useful lesson from it. I have often told you, you need to learn humility. You see, now, that a great many others think the same thing."

"But, mother, you know that isn't true about the sleight-of-hand."

"Of course not, daughter. That was very unkind. You are an excellent scholar and a good girl, generally.

"DID TOM MELVIN SAY THAT?"

Don't be discouraged, but remember the lesson you have had, and try to improve every day."

Mrs. Milbury heard Jennie's story with greater grief than Mrs. Dyer had heard Lizzie's, because, as everyone knows, stinginess is the most unlovely of all faults; but Jennie was so broken-hearted, Mrs. Milbury didn't feel like scolding her.

"How much money have you, dear?" she asked.

"About five dollars," Jennie replied.

"Well, if I were you, I would invite all the children to a little picnic out on the lawn next Saturday. You can buy some candy and nuts and fruit, and I'll tell Hannah to bake plenty of biscuit and cake, and you can have a real nice time out on the grass. That will make all your playmates feel pleasantly toward you; and then you must try very hard never to let them feel that you are stingy again. It is not necessary to be extravagant, but when your father gives you a dollar a week, which is so much more than most girls get, you ought always to appear as open and generous to others."

"Oh, mother, I have been mean!" said Jennie, feeling as if she'd like to have the earth open and swallow her up. "But I never, never will be again! I'll get up the party, and we'll have a real splendid time."

And thus it came about that, out of a foolish project on the part of these two girls, there resulted for once real, genuine good, for they both improved remarkably from that day forward.

I wonder, if you and I were to make a similar bargain with some friend, what our greatest fault would prove to be?

I wouldn't dare to try it—would you?—Golden Days.

Sensations for the Paris Exposition.

Parisian ingenuity has not yet devised the clou or sensational feature of the 1900 exhibition, as the committee has rejected all of the 115 plans submitted. Among them were a glass submarine restaurant, a large vertical screw, on which a nut containing a restaurant should work up and down; a model of a town of the year 2000; a national beauty show, at which prizes should be awarded to countries making the best exhibit. Many of the plans tried to make use of the Eiffel tower; one proposed was for a toboggan chute from the top of the tower; another for an arrangement of large mirrors, by which people at the foot could see the panorama of Paris.

—Most men have two objects in life; one is to become rich, the other is to become richer.—Chicago News.

A RIGHT ROYAL ROBE.

Made of Rare Feathers for the Ruler of the Sandwich Islands.

A million dollars seems a pretty round sum to pay for a cloak; and probably even Worth never dreamed of asking so fabulous a price for the most elaborate of his garments. And yet in the National museum at Washington is a cloak the cost of which cannot be reckoned at less than this vast amount; and ladies may be pleased to learn that it was not a woman, but a man, who was guilty of such a piece of extravagance.

Long years ago, when the Hawaiian islands, small as they are, supported not one but several flourishing kingdoms, the kings, chiefs and nobles, whenever they appeared in public on state occasions, wore, instead of the purple and ermine of more civilized potentates, capes and cloaks of brilliant feathers. The ladies of the court were forced to content themselves with feather-boas, as we should call them, known as "leis." These capes and collars were made from the yellow, red and black feathers of a few species of small birds peculiar to the Sandwich islands, and called, from their habits, honey-suckers. Fashion ruled even in those days, and as the yellow feathers were scarcer than the red, yellow was the fashionable color; and the more powerful the chief the more yellow was his robe of state. These yellow feathers were found only on two or three species of birds, the finest coming from a bird called in the native language "mamo," and known as Drepanis pacifica by ornithologists.

These birds, with their striking black-and-yellow plumage, were as dear to the hearts of the Hawaiian monarchs as they might be to-day to the hearts of patriotic Princeton students, and were sought for far and near throughout the islands. The populace paid poll-taxes in golden feathers instead of golden dollars, and as each bird furnished but a few feathers, the taxes may be considered as having been high. Some estimate of the value of the feathers may be formed from the prices paid in later times, when a piece of nankeen cloth valued at a dollar and a half was the equivalent of five feathers; but, after all, the great element in the cost of these cloaks was time and labor, since the making of a single cloak required from 50 to 100 years.

As the feathers obtained for taxes were very far from supplying the demand, the chiefs were accustomed to employ a regular staff of bird-catchers, much as a medieval baron had his staff of falconers. These skilled foresters prepared a sort of bird-lime from the gum of the fragrant "olapa," mixed with the juice of the breadfruit tree, and with it smeared the branches of the flowering trees frequented by the honey-suckers.—Frederic A. Lucas, in St. Nicholas.

EXPERT EXAGGERATION.

Gift of Munchausen Rivaled by Romantic Lady Middleton.

The nobility easily takes rank among story tellers. Baron Monchausen, of course, stands first, with Sir John Falstaff a good second, and now comes Lady Middleton, a very good third.

The noble lady has written for an English periodical publication an account of some remarkable discoveries of lost property. In one case a valuable ring was lost. Years afterwards, when a floor was removed, the jewel was found wedged tightly around the neck of the skeleton of a mouse. The ring had fallen through a crack in the floor. The mouse, half-grown at the time, had thrust its head into it, had thus been caught, and had grown until it was strangled.

Another case: A gentleman shot and wounded a sand-piper, which, fluttering across a pond, was seized and devoured by a pike. That afternoon the sportsman's brother, while fishing in the pond, caught a pike in whose stomach was found the identical sand-piper.

Another case: A lady who was visiting a relative lost a ring. Six years after, while visiting the same person, then living in a far distant locality, she slipped her hand thoughtlessly into a recess of the chair she was sitting in and found the missing ring.

Another case: A lady supped at a royal ball, and one of the golden spoons lodged, unknown to her, in one of the pockets formed by the plaits on the front of her dress. The following year, in presentation to the queen, she wore the same gown. As she bent in courtesying the plait opened and out fell the missing spoon at her sovereign's feet.—N. Y. World.

Aristocrat and Democrat in France.

It is difficult for Americans to understand the march of political events in France, and their details, because they lose sight of the struggle between the aristocrat and the democrat. One must have been a spectator of this struggle to comprehend its effects. Many of those who still have monarchical beliefs will only admit that the great rural proprietors, or at most the great industrial magnates and the great bankers, can have the pretension to govern their country. The idea that a lawyer, a doctor, a journalist, has any right to sit in the chamber or the senate seems to them absurd. And as for this lawyer, this doctor, this journalist being called upon, for instance, to receive the emperor of Russia in the name of France, that is what they absolutely cannot away with!—Baron Pierre de Coubertin, in Century.

The World's Wheat King.

The wheat king of the world belongs to Argentina. He is an Italian emigrant named Guazone, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres. His crop occupies an area of 66,270 acres. He numbers his workmen by the thousand, and each one receives a certain share of the profits. When his season's crop is harvested he fills over 3,000 railway trucks with grain.—Chicago Chronicle.

ART IN ARCHITECTURE.

DESIGNED AND WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PAPER.

The picturesque cottage here illustrated can be erected for $2,000. It is unusually attractive, and the treatment very satisfactory.

The foundation is of rubble stone. The exterior frame work of first story is covered with sheeting and paper, and clapboarded with 4-inch siding. The second story is pebble dash plastered. There are eight rooms of following sizes: Parlor, 12x16; reception hall, 10x10; library, 10x12; dining-room, 13x16; kitchen, 12x13, and three chambers, 12x16, 11x16 and 16x18 feet. The parlor and front chamber have angle fireplaces, trimmed with tile and handsome wood mantels. The reception hall bay contains a seat, and there are also two small seats between reception hall and staircase hall. There are arches between the reception hall and parlor and between the library and staircase hall.

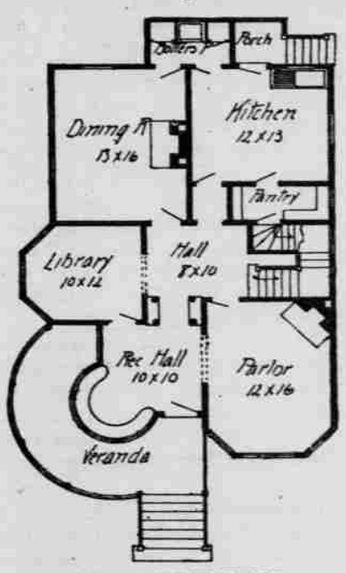
The fireplace in the dining-room is of pressed brick. The butler's pantry is 5x8 feet, and is provided with sink and two cases. The fireplace in the small chamber is of brick. All rooms have large closets. The floors of the reception hall, staircase hall, library and dining-room are of Georgia pine, and in the kitchen and pantries of maple. All other floors are pine. All floors are double, having tar paper between them. All trim of doors, windows and base upon first floor is Georgia pine, second floor pine for painting. The entrance to basement is through the pantry. The basement is divided into furnace-room, coalrooms, front room and laundry. All the glass not shown ornamental will be of American double thick. All down spouts, flashing and gutters are made of IxL tin. Shingles on roof are cedar, stained a moss green. Roof of balcony must be tinned.

The tinting of parlor will be of lilac; reception hall, maroon; library, terra cotta; hall, peacock green; dining-room, olive green; kitchen, gray; chambers, different shades of yellow. The exterior of the house is painted three coats, finishing coat to be lemon yellow, with ivory white trimmings; chimneys, where showing above roof, are of yellow brick, capped with stove, the higher chimney having a wrought-iron brace. All plastering is two-coat work. The kitchen is fitted up with all necessary conveniences, complete.

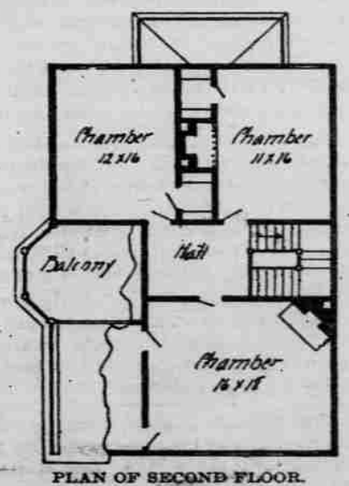
The outside dimensions of the building are 28x39 feet. Height of stories is as follows: Basement, 7 feet; first story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 9 feet 4 inches. The staircase is an ornamental one, having carved newels, turned balusters and neat handrail. The house is piped throughout for gas and furnace. All material is of the very best of its respective kind. The building when completed is left in broom-clean condition for occupancy.

GEORGE A. W. KINTZ.

FRONT PERSPECTIVE OF ARTISTIC COTTAGE.



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

THE EARTH IN DANGER.

Prof. Falb, of Vienna, Makes an Uncomfortable Prediction.

It is said that Prof. Falb, of Vienna, predicts that a comet will strike the earth November 13, 1899, doubtless destroying the latter. On this night myriads of meteoric particles, traveling along the same path as Temple's comet of 1866, will be encountered. The history of the grand display of fireworks in 1833 and 1866 suggests such another in 1899. That year will again bring the great meteor shoal of the Leonids to the earth's track. This shoal will require more than a year to pass. The Leonids follow Temple's comet. Some believe the latter is the thickest part of the swarm. The great French astronomer, Arago, estimates that there is only one chance in 281,000,000 for a collision between the comet and our earth. Should such an event take place M. Faze and Prof. Pierce believe the result might be only a brilliant shower, while, if the nucleus were in mass and solidity equal to Donat's comet, the hardest rocks would be melted by heat developed by the impact. If the comet were a hydrogen body sufficiently large to encompass the globe it might mingle with the oxygen of our atmosphere and form a compound which, being ignited, would instantly consume every living thing. Since water is the result of burning hydrogen gas in oxygen, the fierce flame would be followed by a deluge of water enveloping the surface of our earth. If the body of the comet were not inflammable, but composed of noxious gases, it would poison our atmosphere. Were it an innocuous gaseous body, it would float on our atmosphere as do the clouds. Prof. Young admits that the earth might collide with a comet, but thinks such encounters will be rare.

Peat Changed Into Coal.

The electric current has been utilized by a German inventor for changing peat into coal within a very short time, while it requires centuries for nature to perform that work. The peat, spongy and full of water as it comes from the earth, is placed in an electric oven with a capacity for 40 bushels. The oven is lined with asbestos and a spiral wire runs through the center. The wire is raised to a white heat by the electric current. After the water and all the volatile gases have passed off from the peat 15 minutes is sufficient to reduce it to first-grade coke, with a heating power equal to the best coal and containing but three per cent. of ash.

Toadskin as a Medicine.

Mr. Richard T. Hewitt has recently shown that the old idea of employing preparations of the toad as a remedy in certain diseases is not so absurd as many believe. A substance is secreted by the skin which resembles digitalin, and may have a favorable effect in cases of heart dropsy. The venoms of the toad and salamander are alkaloidal, and thus differ totally from snake venom, which is proteid in nature.

Counting Blood Corpuscles.

An instrument for counting blood corpuscles has been invented by Dr. Judson Deland, of Philadelphia. A finely-graduated tube containing a quantity of blood is revolved at a speed of 1,000 revolutions a minute. By force of gravity the corpuscles divide and form on the side of the tube in easily traceable divisions of red corpuscles, white corpuscles and serum.

PITH AND POINT.

—Philanthropist—"What was the immediate cause of your fall, my good man?" The Good Man—"My sweetheart dropped me."—Boston Traveler.

—Socially Injurious.—He—"If people said just what they thought, it would do a lot of harm, wouldn't it?" She—"Well, it would reduce conversation about nine-tenths."—Puck.

—Quite Different.—Penelope—"What did he send you for a wedding present?" Pauline—"Cut glass." Penelope—"Ah, tableware, I suppose?" Pauline—"No—a necklace."—Truth.

—His Complaint.—Prisoner Reformer (to convict)—"Have you any complaint to make?" Convict—"Well, I'd be better satisfied if I wasn't locked up."—Philadelphia North American.

—Catching the Idea.—"That man wants a design for a laundry advertisement," remarked the artist thoughtfully. "What is it to be?" "All he said was that he wanted something appropriate. I guess I'll fix him up some sort of a wash drawing."—Washington Star.

—Association of Ideas.—Now it chanced that the pilgrim accosted an inhabitant of the town through which he journeyed. "It seems to me," remarked the pilgrim, "that there are a great many muddy crossings in your town." "Mere illusion, old man," answered the inhabitant. "You get that impression from so many of our ladies wearing knickerbockers or short skirts."—Detroit Journal.

—Enterprise Rewarded.—Small boy dashed breathless into a merchant's office. "Is the guv'nor in?" "Yes; what do you want?" "Must see him myself; most partikler." "But you can't; he's engaged." "Must see him immejit; most partikler." The boy's importunity got him in. "Well, boy; what do you want?" "D'yer want a orffice boy, sir?" "You impudent young young rascal! No! We've got one." "No, you ain't, sir; he's just bin run over in Cheapside." Boy engaged.—Tit-Bits.

WOMEN WANT NEW LAWS.

They Have Been Organizing in Japan to Secure Their Rights.

"The Japanese ladies are really organizing at last. They are beginning a strong movement to amend the Japanese laws so that a Japanese gentleman that supports another woman besides his legal wife can be arrested. The laws are now one sided, yes, very much one-sided. The Japanese husband can have as many wives as he pleases. Not regular wives, you understand. Japan law lets the husband marry only one wife. Otherwise, he is guilty of bigamy, same as here."

This announcement of woman's independence in the land of silent wives and maidens that won't be kissed came from S. Kishi, a young attorney of Tokio. Mr. Kishi, having practiced some time in his own city, resolved to venture forth into western lands to see how it was possible for lawyers to make an honest living in Europe and America. The study of this intricate problem detained Mr. Kishi six weeks in San Francisco, three months in Milwaukee and some weeks in Chicago. He has now arrived in St. Paul, where he will enter the law department of the Great Northern railroad and remain several months. Eventually he will proceed to Europe.

"Formerly," continued the smiling, white-toothed law pilgrim, "that is to say, up to 25 years ago, a Japanese gentleman could have as many informal wives as he wished. He was rather proud of them and showed them in public. Now sentiment has so changed that he keeps them hid away. He would be thought very immoral to exhibit them in public. Yet he cannot be punished by law. But this exception in favor of the men is likely to be done away with. There is a commission now revising our civil code. That code is based upon the Code Napoleon, not on the English common law. Our commercial code, however, is modeled after the comercial code of Germany.

"But it is natural for woman to want less than man in Japan. We consider that she is equal to man in quality, but not in quantity. That is the way we express it. And she is always by nature different. Man is strong, rough, brave. Woman is weak, gentle, gracious, timid. She must attend to her home. Man must go out into business, into government, into war. We do not mix occupations as you do here. For example, the men ride bicycles in Japan very much more now than before. But the woman—never. A woman astride of a bicycle! It would be too rude, too bold. She should be at home, not showing herself upon the streets.

Her costume? Oh, it is almost always Japanese. Years ago, perhaps ten years, one of our cabinets thought they would help Japan abroad by persuading our people to dress like Europeans. Even the court ladies began to wear foreign dresses. But the cabinet went down. The women took back their native costumes. Now a Japanese lady most always wears her ancient costume. We find that your dresses are not convenient, as our women sit about on the floors of our little houses. But the Japanese men are using the European clothes very generally in our cities, that is, for business in government offices and in the professions. But when the men get home they take off these clothes and put on the good old Japanese robes. Then we are comfortable."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Buttermilk.

Once upon a time wheelmen and wheelwomen who were passing along a dusty road came upon a peasant standing among his goats.

"We should like," they said, "some buttermilk."

"Ha, ha," said the peasant. "The butter don't give milk. Ha, ha!"

This fable teaches that some people will sacrifice even the noble promptings of charity in order to be funny."—Detroit Journal.